



# Think You Can Escape? Think Again...



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25 4 3

## Chapter 1 by Guilliana and Rachel

"Crap," I said to myself as I frantically searched my desk. "Where is my paper?" I looked under my desk, opened my laptop, opened my drawer, but nope! It wasn't there. "I am going to have detention," I muttered, "Dang it!"

Yup, I was right. I stayed for 5 hours and it was already noon. "I wonder if my parents got the call," I thought to myself, hurrying to my house. I stopped, there was a girl in a dark hoodie. She was looking at the ground, she looked pretty evil and suspicious. "Weird," I muttered. I slowly backed up and walked toward her, which of course was stupid. She turned and saw me. I jumped, "Shoot!" I thought. I immediately ran after her, because I am stupid, what did you expect? After non-stop chasing, she finally stopped and pulled out a silver knife that was glistening in the moonlight. The chase was super long that it was already around 30 minutes of chasing her. She slowly backed up pointing the knife out, "Back off," she warned, "Weirdo." That immediately embarrassed me, I stood guard. She swiftly came to me with the knife against my neck.

She added more pressure with every word she spoke, "Why are you following me?" I gulped, "I just got suspicious." She raised her eyebrow, "Do you know what happens when people follow

me? Especially a guy?"

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Chapter 2 by Popwice

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She glared at me with a suspicious look. "What if you don't really know what happens when someone follows you?" I said. Well, what else was I supposed to say? I know it sounded stupid,

but... I didn't know what to say! She replied with a satisfied expression, "Oh, so you don't know?" she said, moving the knife closer to my neck. I said, "Uh..." "Whoever follows me... Dies..." she said with an evil look, though her expression had not changed much. I was scared. I mean, she basically just said I'm going to die!

### Chapter 3 by Guilliana and Rachel



I tried to inch my way out to "freedom" from her sharp look, but she grabbed my hand really tight and pierced my flesh with her sharp nails. "You will not be leaving until I am finished with you," she whispered, looking right at my eyes. I stuttered, "I did nothing! I swear! Why do you even wanna kill me?"

### Chapter 4 by Guilliana and Rachel



"Why should I tell you?" she asked, studying my face, really closely.

"Cause... - uh..." I was stammering, and I was getting much more sweaty by the minute, I didn't know I was going to die tonight.

"Cause?" she said, pushing more pressure that a tear of blood came out of a cut she made on my neck.

"Please, I just wanna live today! I already had a bad day, I don't want to come home, with you hanging in my dead body."

She raised one of her eyebrow's then slowly relieved my neck.

Soon, the metal knife wasn't making contact with my pale skin. She looked at me, she pinned my arms onto the wall.

"Why are you here?" she whispered.

"I had detention, for the fifth damn time, and I don't want my parents to ground me, so, please! Just let me go." I begged.

She stared at my eyes, she seemed to be in a trance, was it possibly, that she had the same thing like me, or was she in love with me?

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